

The Washington Times Magazine Page

The Inside of the Cup

A great serial
OF ROMANCE, MYSTERY, ADVENTURE
By Winston Churchill.

Another of "Richard Carvel," "The Inside of the Cup," "The World-Wide Popularity," "The Inside of the Cup," published serially here by permission of the Macmillan Company, and made into a photo play by Cosmopolitan Productions, is released as a Paramount-Artcraft picture.

THE day of freedom, of a truer vision, was at hand, the day of Christian unity on the vital truths, and no better proof of it could be brought forward than the change in him. In his ignorance and blindness he had hitherto permitted compromise, but he would no longer allow those who made only an outward pretense of being Christians to stir the spiritual passions of St. John's, to say what should and what should not be preached.

This was to continue to paralyze the usefulness of the church, to set at naught her mission, to alienate those who most had need of her, who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and went away unsatisfied.

He had hardly resumed his seat when Everett Constable got up again. He remarked, somewhat unsteadily, that to prolong the controversy would be useless and painful to all concerned, and he intently regretted the necessity of putting his suggestion that the rector resign in the form of a resolution. . . . The vote was taken. Six men raised their hands in favor of his resignation—Nelson Langmaid among them; two, Asa Waring and Phillip Goodrich, were against it. After announcing the result Hodder rose.

"For the reason I have stated, gentlemen, I decline to resign," he said. "I stand upon my canonical rights."

Francis Ferguson arose, his voice actually trembling with anger. There is something uncanny in the passion of a man whose life has been ordered by the inexorable rules of commerce, who has been wont to decide all questions from the standpoint of dollars and cents. If one of his own wax models had suddenly become animated, the effect could not have been more startling.

ANOTHER VIEW.

In the course of this discussion, he declared, Mr. Hodder had seen fit to make grave and in his opinion unwarranted charges concerning the lives of some, if not all, of the trustees who sat here. It surprised him that these remarks had not been resented, but he praised a Christian forbearance which he was unashamed to acknowledge.

He had no doubt that their object had been to spare Mr. Hodder's feelings as much as possible, but Mr. Hodder had shown no disposition to spare their own. He had outraged them, Mr. Ferguson thought—wantonly so. He had made these preposterous and unwarranted charges on a charge of desertion to remain in a position where his usefulness had ceased.

No one, unfortunately, was perfect in this life—not even Mr. Hodder. He, Francis Ferguson, was far from claiming to be so. But he believed that this arraignment of the men who stood highest in the city for decency, law and order, who supported the church, who revered its doctrines, who tried to live Christian lives, who gave their time and their money freely to it and to charities—that this arraignment was an arrogant accusation and affront to be repudiated and demanded that Mr. Hodder be definite. If he had any charges to make, let him make them here and now.

The consternation, the horror which succeeded such a rapid and unexpected tactical blunder on the part of the usually astute Mr. Ferguson were felt rather than visually discerned. The atmosphere might have been described as panicky. Asa Waring and Phil Goodrich smiled as Wallis Plimpton, after a moment's blush, scrambled to his feet, his face pale, his customary easiness and self-possession now the result of an anxious effort. He, too, tried to smile, but swallowed instead as he remembered his property in Dalton street. . . . Nelson Langmaid smiled, in spite of himself. . . . Mr. Plimpton implored his fellow-members not to bring personalities into the debate, and he was aware all the while of the curious, pitying expression of the rector. He breathed a sigh of relief at the opening words of Hodder, who followed him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have no intention of being personal, even by unconscious consent. But if Mr. Ferguson will come to me after this meeting I shall have not the least objection to discussing this matter with him in as far as he himself is concerned. I can only assure you

now that I have not spoken without warrant."

There was, oddly enough, no acceptance of this offer by Mr. Ferguson. Another silence ensued, broken, at last, by a voice for which they had all been unconsciously waiting; a voice which, though unemotional, cold, and matter-of-fact, was nevertheless commanding, and loaned authority to speak with an overwhelming authority. Eklon Parr did not rise.

"Mr. Hodder," he said, "in one respect seems to be under the delusion that we are still in the Middle Ages, instead of the twentieth century, since he assumes the right to meddle with the lives of his parishioners, to be the sole judge of their actions. That assumption will not be tolerated by free men. I, for one, gentlemen, do not propose to have a Socialist for the rector of the church which I attend and support. And I maintain the privilege of an American citizen to set my own standards, within the law, and to be the sole arbiter of those standards."

"Good!" muttered Gordon Atterbury. Langmaid moved uncomfortably.

"I shall not waste words," the financier continued. "There is in my mind no question that we are justified in demanding from our rector the Christian doctrine to which we have given our assent, and which are stated in the Creed. That they shall be subject to the whims of the rector is beyond argument."

"I do not pretend to understand either, gentlemen, the nature of the extraordinary change that has taken place in the rector of St. John's. I am not well versed in psychology, and am incapable of flights myself. One effect of this change is an attitude on which reasonable considerations would seem to have no effect."

HIS ULTIMATUM.

"Our resources, fortunately, are not yet at an end. It has been my hope, on account of my former friendship for Mr. Hodder, that an ecclesiastical trial might not be necessary. It now seems inevitable. In the meantime, since Mr. Hodder has seen fit to remain in spite of our protest, I do not intend to enter this church."

"I was prepared, gentlemen, as some of you no doubt know, to spend a considerable sum in adding to the beauty of St. John's and to the charitable activities of the parish. Mr. Hodder has not disappointed my gifts in the past, but owing to his present scruples concerning my worthiness, I naturally hesitate to press the matter now." Mr. Parr indulged in the semblance of a smile. "I fear that he must take the responsibility of delaying this benefit, with the other responsibilities he has assumed."

His voice changed. It became sharper.

"In short, I propose to withhold all contributions for whatever purpose from this church while Mr. Hodder is rector, and I advise those of you who have voted for his resignation to do the same. In the meantime, I shall give my purse to Calvary, and attend its services. And I shall offer further a resolution—which I am informed is within our right—to discontinue Mr. Hodder's salary."

There was that in the unparalleled audacity of Eklon Parr that compelled Hodder's unwilling admiration. He sat gazing at the financier, his face pale, his customary easiness and self-possession now the result of an anxious effort. He, too, tried to smile, but swallowed instead as he remembered his property in Dalton street. . . . Nelson Langmaid smiled, in spite of himself. . . . Mr. Plimpton implored his fellow-members not to bring personalities into the debate, and he was aware all the while of the curious, pitying expression of the rector. He breathed a sigh of relief at the opening words of Hodder, who followed him.

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HAIR HINTS

Helpful Advice for Care of the Hair Worthy the Attention of Everyone Who Would Avoid Dandruff, Itching Scalp, Gray Hair and Baldness.

If your hair is getting thin or you are troubled with itching scalp, use Parisian Sage daily for a week and you will surely be surprised to see how quickly it stops itching hair and removes every sign of dandruff and itching scalp.

"Before going to bed I rub a little Parisian Sage into my scalp," says a woman whose luxurious, soft and fluffy hair is greatly admired. "This keeps my hair from being dry, faded or scraggly, helps it to retain its natural color and beauty, and makes it easy to arrange attractively."

Beautiful, soft, glossy, healthy hair, and lots of it, is a simple matter for those who use Parisian Sage. This harmless, delicately perfumed, and non-greasy invigorator is sold by People's Drug Stores and at all good drug and toilet counters. Be sure you get the genuine Parisian Sage (Giroux's), as that has the money-back guarantee printed on every bottle.

Wholesale Selling Price of Beef in Washington

Prices realized on Swift & Company's sales of carcass beef on shipment and cut for period shown below as published in the newspapers, averaged as follows, showing the tendency of the market:

Week Ending	Low	High	Per Cwt.
Dec. 4	13.49		
Dec. 11	13.50		
Dec. 18	13.53		
Dec. 24	16.22		
Jan. 1	16.63		
Jan. 8	17.01		
Jan. 15	16.73		
Jan. 22	\$14.00	\$19.00	\$16.47

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

THE GIRL WHO PLAYS THE PIANO AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIE IS COMING TO LIVE ON THE FLOOR ABOVE!

CAREFUL WITH MY PIANO

ARE YOU POSITIVE!

SURE! I KNOW HER

HOW I ENVY GRANDPA HIS DEAFNESS

Is Marriage a Success?

NOT SHARPLY DRIVEN, BUT SWEETLY DRAWN.

Critics of Clarice D. should not be so severe in their judgment. Rather blame the system of rearing our daughters, by the mothers of the twentieth century, who encourage their daughters to lie in bed until noon, reading love stories or trashy novels, while the mother does all the work. No doubt Clarice, by her own confession, was reared and educated under these conditions. It is my purpose to give her some fatherly advice in the way of a short sermon which I accepted as being to her married life a flood of happiness.

And the Lord God said "It is not good that man should be alone: I will make him a help-meet for him." The wife is to be a help—she must be much more than a help, and so much and no more. Our ribs were not ordained to be our rulers. They are not made of the head to claim superiority, but out of the side to be content with equality. The woman was made for the man's comfort, but the man was not made for the woman's command. Husband and wife should be as two wheels of a carriage, coupled together to carry the Ark of God.

In some families married persons are like Jeremiah's baskets of figs. They are like fire and water, one is up in the garden, and when two are joined together without love, are but two logs together to make one another miserable. O. T. B.

FORGET IT, HE SAYS.

Although an unmarried man, I have had some experience with married couples, and I am also an interested reader of letters from your correspondents.

My advice to those contemplating matrimony is to forget it. From my experience, married life seems to be constant quarrels and disagreements from start to finish. The old adage that the course of true love never runs smooth is pure bluff, for if it does not, it should. If two souls cannot unite in perfect harmony, there is no true love, and without true love, marriage can never be a success. F. O.

LIFE IS NOT A BED OF ROSES.

The only way marriage will be a success is when friend husband and friend wife are equal and both go fifty-fifty for one another's welfare.

Critics of the poet might expect a bed of roses all their life. If they use a little common sense and cut out selfishness, the battle is won.

Mother's love is the only real love there is.

Everybody has his own problem to work out, all by himself. Advice that will benefit one would not benefit another. My motto is: "Never give up; it's not so bad but it might be worse." RECONCILED.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

NO BLAME.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Have met quite a few fellows in the two years I've been in Washington and out of them all I have not found one who seemed to want a girl's company merely for the sake of having a companion, a friend and pal.

When you meet one that dances he seems incapable of enjoying a hike or a Sunday evening spent in church. (Yes, I know the last was fatal, but my idea of a "good sport" includes more than the fact that a fellow is a free spender.)

Washington have all been put into one class, that is, a town full of kinsable, squeezable molluscoides. Can you blame the ones that are taking many prizes in their new name, "The Bachelor Girl?"

ONE WHO IS TWENTY.

WHAT COULD YOU SAY?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I would like to know if it is proper for me to write to a young man whom I have only met twice. He goes away to college and I think a letter from home always cheers a person, but I am not sure whether he would think me a silly girl, and think I was trying to run after him. How can I let him understand, if I write him? I really like this boy very much, and I don't want to make him think I am running after him.

Please tell me as soon as you can.

E. V. R.

If your acquaintance with this boy does not extend beyond a mere introduction, I think it would be silly to write to him. What could you possibly say that would interest him, since you do not know what he may be interested in? However, if you know some girl or boy who is writing to him, the matter might be arranged.

HAVE A GOOD TIME.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and keep company with a young man nineteen, whom I have known for about five years. He has been coming to see me for a little over a year. He has only asked me to go out with him three times, and that has been to the movies.

He used to come to see me twice a week, but now he comes once a week, and sometimes only once every two weeks. He has asked me many times if I love him, but has never told me he loved me.

Now, Miss Fairfax, I really love him, but I don't know if I should keep on going with him.

Another young man comes to see me, and acts as if he really cares for me. He is a friend of the other man, and he always asks me when I will make him best. Now, I care for this young man, but not as much as I do for his friend. When ever the first one knows that his friend has been around, then he comes regular. Will you please tell me the best thing to do?

DON'T HEARTED.

Have his friend come as often as you can. It seems to work well at present.

I hope you are not taking either of these young men seriously. You are too young, and so are they, to be thinking about marriage. Ten years from now will be a good time to be thinking about it.

Adopting a Child

Like Maryland Cooking?

Clip These RECIPES AND LEARN HOW

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

YOU do not have to wait till you are old to be a grandparent," cried a less-than-middle-aged single woman as she happily tossed a two-year-old into the air. "See, this is my own grandchild, and I have another."

"How is that?" you ask. "Why some twenty years ago a charming young woman school teacher adopted two little five-year-old orphan girls. I was heart hungry for children, saw the two little helpless ones, was sorry for their plight, so took them on trial. They soon grew into my affections and I decided to adopt them and keep them for my own. Now I am loving their children, my grandchildren, even as I loved them."

Such was the beginning of a remarkable story of mother love and devotedness and carried successfully to a most happy conclusion.

But the point is, this story opens up a valuable suggestion which should be passed along as a hint to the numerous spinster school teachers of this country. I meet them in every city and State. The mass of them are so genuine, so true to the womanly type, so motherly, that many of these could adopt a baby and so keep warm that place in their lives where mother love was meant forever to dwell. Some are without sufficient funds to be sure, but not a few of the thriffter lass could afford the luxury of a child or two.

Try to remember what So-and-So sent them last Christmas? Grab the aisle seats at the movies and make people climb over them? Try to get the same telephone number at the same time? Blame the letter carrier instead of the Post Office Department? Believe that a taxicab meter is crooked whether it is or not? Ask the butcher for a "cheaper cut" when there isn't any? Try to get a square meal in a jazz cabaret place? Knock the H. C. of L. and go on buying luxuries? Decide the police and never try to help them in their work? Throw the old overcoat away in the spring and get it out in the fall? Try to get something for nothing when it never has been done? Expect dinner invitations when there ain't no such animal? Read a critic's review and then doubt his judgment?

RELISH AS SERVED AT THE DOWRY HOUSE.

Chop not too fine, and in quantity to suit the number of persons to be served.

Apples.
Onion.
Celery.
Green pepper.
Tomatoes.

And if any of these is an impossibility, substitute any of the following:

Cabbage, when tender.
New corn, boiled and cut from the cob.
A firm pear.
Green peas, previously boiled.
Season only when it is to be sent to the table with the following dressing:

1 tablespoonful of French mustard to every
2 tablespoonfuls of olive oil
2 tablespoonfuls of sour cream.
Salt and pepper to taste before adding the dressing. There must be five ingredients to this relish, and there must be a generous amount of dressing. There also must be something red and something green in it, as there is a great merit in a beautiful appetizer. This relish is served as one of four hors d'oeuvres.—MRS. PERCY DUVALL.

SEASONING FOR SAUSAGE.

16 lbs. meat.
4 tablespoonfuls sage.
4 tablespoonfuls pepper.
5 tablespoonfuls salt.
Measure and season before putting through the runner.

VEAL COLLOPS.

Cut cooked veal in pieces the size of an oyster, dip in egg roll in crumbs, season with salt and pepper and fry in hot lard.

CREAMED GROUND BEEF.

1 pint milk.
3 eggs.
1/2 lb. butter.
2 tablespoonfuls flour, cooked to a sauce. Put in baking dish with meat and brown.—MRS. FRED BINGER.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Clean the following vegetables: one stalk of celery, including the leaves; two turnips, two carrots, two or three onions, a small head of cabbage shredded, four or five white potatoes, diced. A can of tomatoes, or a dozen fresh ones. Boil slowly for an hour, in a covered pot, adding a quart and a half of water, or if you have plenty of milk, use half water and half milk. In the summer time the addition of corn and lima beans is an improvement. When the vegetables are thoroughly cooked, add a heaping tablespoonful of butter and the same amount of flour rubbed together.

and a cupful of grated cheese just before serving. If the cheese is added while the soup is on the fire there is great danger of the soup burning.—Mrs. Percy Duvall.

YACHT CLUB FISH.

2 lb. fish (boiled and skinned)
1/2 lb. butter
1 pt. milk
1 tablespoon flour
4 eggs (yolks only)
Cayenne pepper and salt to taste
Rub butter and flour together then add the pint of hot milk. When well mixed put on the fire and allow them to come to a boil, take off and add the eggs stirring them in one at a time, then add pepper and salt. Put a layer of sauce and one of fish alternately in a baking pan always having sauce on the bottom and on top. Core with bread crumbs and bake twenty minutes.—Miss Anna Brooke.

(Copyright 1920, by Mrs. Percy Duvall.)

Brains Are in Demand

There is ample work for all in this country provided all will work. The problem of unemployment is aggravated, not wholly by the alien knocking at our gate, but by the laborer at home slamming the door of production behind him and walking out. Stopping industry will not right the matter. And in the last analysis it is the earnings of industry, which on the average are only fair, that provide alike for wages and the increase of investment on which is the sole dependence of the advance of civilization.

It is a false doctrine that labor must assume all management. Those best suited for management must manage, whatever may be their source. Every industry is searching eagerly for brains. My observation convinces me that most business firms pledged to welfare work are interested in their employees; they often remain open in order to protect those who serve them, even though it might be more profitable for them to close down. People need to stop to think, when the laborer clamors against the unorganized labor market, whether the menace is from the immigrant or from some other source. For no business enterprise wishes its help to leave that it may employ others; the turnover is one of the most expensive things industry has to face. The expense of breaking in new help is appalling.—Clavin Coolidge.

—February Good Housekeeping.

How to Know Good Muslin

If you could look at muslin through a microscope, as a scientist would, you could judge the quality almost at a glance.

Coarsely woven muslin is often filled with chalk to make it appear fine and smooth when new. It looks better than it really is, because of this adulteration. But after it is laundered it looks as thin as cheesecloth, because the chalk washes out.

Sometimes the chalk is added so cunningly that washing is the only test.

At other times it is done so crudely that you can make this simple test at the counter: Rump the muslin briskly between your fingers—the fine white powder will fall out.

Try any test with Fruit of the Loom. You can see for yourself that it is muslin of high quality. For it is all cotton. No chalk is used.

Fruit of the Loom Muslin

After repeated washings, Fruit of the Loom always keeps its fine, smooth texture and firm body.

Women find it economical to buy Fruit of the Loom by the bolt. It cuts to better advantage; and more, it won't turn yellow no matter how long it is kept on hand.

Be sure you are getting Fruit of the Loom. Look for the Fruit of the Loom label—picture of fruit in colors.

Every good store carries it.

Made by B. B. & R. KNIGHT, INC.

This Day in History.

This is the anniversary of the great speech in Congress by Robert Y. Hayne, in 1830, on the "Right of Secession." It called for the world-famous reply of Daniel Webster, defending the "Union, One and Inseparable."